NO OTHER WAY.

BY SIB WALTER BESANT.

Copyright. 1001. by Dodd. Mead & Co. CHAPTER II .- CONCLUDED. ON THE POOR SIDE.

Sir, stay. If you were free to-morrow, what would you do?"
*What should I do if I were free?" His eyes suddenly lit up. "If I were free! I have never dared to ask the question. If I were free! Why speak of impossibilities?"
"Sir." the lady placed her hand upon his arm. "It is not impossible. Believe It is not impossible. Say-again-H you were free?"

If I were free oh, if I were free!" A sudden flush of color flew into his cheeks. If I were free! I should go back to the Inner Temple. Where else could I go?" And then?"

"I should wait on fortune. There are many chances for a barrister. Why, I am a scholar as good as most of them. I know as much law as any of those who are beginning. I can speak-I learned to speak at Trinity-all Irishmen, they say, can speak. I should make, somehow, a start and-and-and-oh, God-I am a prisoner, on the Poor Side. My brain is on fire. It is your wine and your compassion. And I dream of King's Counsel d of Judges!"

The tears crowded to his eyes and rolled down his cheek.

Sir," she repeated. "I will not, I say. do you the injustice we contemplated.

Meantime—let me—

She placed a purse—her long silk purse—

with gold at both ends-in his handslet me-against the time when you are King's Counsel and have taken silk and are sergeant-at-law-advance you a small sum. He stood silent. The purse lay in his hand-he was transfixed. His eyes filled

with tears.
"Madam." he gasped at length, speaking in a manner, at random, as one who knows not what to say. "It is too much. You are an angel. The prison has become a pool of Betheeda. Its waters, to be sure, are always troubled. The angel takes the prisoners out of the troubled waters. It is not quite the same- " He collected himself, "Madam," he said, "how shall I-madam, you overwhelm me.

Then show your sense by taking the money. Indeed, sir, you must. It is sary for you to return to the other your profession, to live if you must remain for a while in this place with the gentiemen who are for the time your companions. Sir, if you refuse you will insult me. I shall believe that you make it is to be a support of the companions. side, to be once more habited as becomes me. I shall believe that you mean to insult me. Sir, what have I done that you should insult a stranger?"

stranger.
She took up the purse and again placed in his hand.
'Madam, I place my honor in your hands "Madam, I place my nonor in your nands when I take this purse. Perhaps—nay, I know not how, or when, if it is possible, kind heaven may one day give me the opportunity. Your honor is always safe in your own hands, but there may be a time. • • there may be—once a mouse dally area.

delivered a lion—
"Sir, I am sure that if such a time were
to come I should be able to depend upon
you. Remember that on many occasions
a woman has been saved by a gallant ivered a lion-

hnight."

He received the purse, but unwillingly. To take the lady's money was to lower himself in her eyes. Yet he was poor and in rags and had no means of buying the next meal; no bed and no blanket; no books and no exceptation.

at least let me know.

"My name? No, sir; best not to know.
I have learned yours. Let me watch your course, myself unseen."

"Then let me, only to be the course of the let me, only to be the course."

course, myself unseen."

'Then let me, only for once, see that lovely face. I know that it is lovely braues it is the home of pity. For once let me look upon it, if only that I may grave it upon my heart."

The lady lifted her mask. The young man was right. Truly, it was a lovely face. And now it was glowing with pity and blushings, with the shame of being and blushings, with the shame of being the course of the course

her hot wrath, "For the tradesman, look you, is dependent upon the credit he gives. He must give it; he must trust his customers' honor. If that fails him, do you think he will find grace or favor with them who have trusted him, the wholesale merchants the gentlemen in black velvet and gold buttons who look so pious and talk so smug? Not so. Not so. They will exact the letter of the law.

Not so. Not so. They will exact the letter of the law.

"Why did I write to you? Why—but on account of those who press me? There's no friendship I tell you again, in business; no compassion and no consideration."

"But I am not in business, Mrs. Brymer. Therefore I may have compassion—on myself, as well as on that young man."

She went on, regardless of the interruption. "The tradesman must pay. He must pay, and on that day, else he must go bankrupt. When he is bankrupt, what is there for him but the prison? No allowance, no excuse, no granting of time, any more than for the lying gentleman who hath brought him to this dreadful pass!"

"Would it not be better to let him remain outside, to earn some money and to pay where he can?"

Mrs. Brymer went on, without replying

Mrs. Brymer went on, without replying to this pertinent question:

Think what bankruptcy means. The

Think what bankruptcy means. The man in prison—he cannot earn anything. The wife, with her helpless children—she cannot earn anything. The children cannot earn anything. The children cannot earn anything. The grudging relations dole out every shilling with words of reproach and contempt. The family have lost their respectability.

"They have lost their friends. The boys cannot be apprenticed, like their father and their grandfather before them. They must become servants all their lives, unless they 'list and follow the colors, or go out to the plantations, where they will be little better than negro slaves.

"The girls cannot marry—nay, they cannot learn housewifery; they are sunk beneath the notice of honest tradesmen and are yet above the craftamen, they are exposed to the dangers and temptations of the wicked town.

"Think of them when they go to church. Formerly they fafter the quality respected."

Formerly they had their own pew and walked out after the quality, respected and envied; now they sit unconsidered on the benches among the charity children and the almswomen and the servants,

on the benches among the charity children and the almswomen and the servants, ashamed and scorned——
"Madam!" she stopped and took breath—"You know not, believe me, how dreadful a thing bankruptey is to a respectable tradesman of the city, nay, how it drags down him and his family and makes them the most miserable of mortals.

"You have compassion for that young gentleman in the King's Bench, you give him money and food—it is very well; you are not in trade—I declare, madam, truthfully, that I should like to flog that young gentleman who is so free with his kisses and his mumbling and mouthing over ladies' hands, and his kisses—ave—to flog him from the Temple to London Bridge and back again. I would do it myself—I would lay it on with a will joyfully, I would—joyfully, I would—in this mood she continued while the hackney coach rumbled over the narrow sway of London Bridge and presently down Cheapside and Fleet street till it came to Newgate.

"Well, she said, when at length the coach."

he nodded and laughed because he had seen her already and he knew the efrand on which she came.

"We are tolerably full just now," he said. "Ninety we tried the other day—twelve are cast for execution—here they are—your man among them, madam. By the Lord! a fine fellow, too—to be atomized by the hangman."

"They don't seem to mind it."

"Humph! Perhaps they don't like it, though you wouldn't think so. But what's the use of sniveling? What tries them most—they find it out then—is when the irons are struck off and the rope ties their elbows behind their back. But now it's all beer, and they swagger and swear crying 'Who the devil cares!" and 'Every man must die once, and what odds whether it's now or in ten years' time?

"Oh!" Isabel was overpowered with the terror of the place. Indeed, it seemed to her as if Death himself, a frightful skeleton with grinning jaws, carrying a dart in his hand was stalking us and down the curre.

her as if Death himself, a frightful skeleton her as if Death himself, a frightful skeleton with grinning jaws, carrying a dart in his hand, was stalking up and down the court, sentinel over the prisoners and that they saw him plainly, but pretended not to see, save that now and again their faces would suddenly become pale and serious, their ribald voices would become silent, and a cold and clammy moisture would break out upon their foreheads—yes, then they saw him; then they could not choose but see him. "It is a terrible place—Oh, Mrs. Brymer, take me away. Must we stay here long?"

"Not long. I thought you would be afraid. Why, child, there is nothing here can hurt you save the horrid stench and reek. I told the parson I would wait for him if we wanted him."

She spoke to the turnkey, who grinned. "Aye—aye!" he said. "That is what you want, is it? I thought so-well—

She spoke to the turnkey, who grinned.

"Aye—aye!" he said. "That is what you want, is it? I thought so—well—one of their visitors will run your errand for you." Mrs. Brymer wrote a few words on a paper. "Yes—yes—we all know the parsons of the Fleet. If one won't come another will. They'd marry the Devil and joyfully for a guinea.

"Here, you boy!" he called to one of the lads, who sat stupidly waiting for the pot to be finished and taken back to the tavern. "Do you want to earn a shilling? Run around to the Fleet Market. Can you read? Then ask for Parson Gaynham. Tell him to come here at once. If he is engaged or drunk call another. Come back with a parson and you shall have the shilling. Run, ye young limb—I'll look after your pot.

"Tis Truxo, is it? Well, he'll be hanged next week. A lusty fellow! Pity to hang a

"Tis Truxo, is it? Well, he'll be hanged next week. A lusty fellow! Pity to hang a man so strong. There's one who won't snivel at the last, and he won't bluster and swagger—I know his sort. He'll go in the cart without smile or word. Looks like the Devil—I think he verily is first cousin to the Devil."

Mrs. Brymer turned to her companion.

"Madam," she said, "it is but a step to the Fleet Market. The parson is always ready. Best sit down and recover your spirits." Isabel trembled and shook.

"These pigs cannot hurt you. Pah! The place and the company are alike foul and stifling. What does it matter if they are all to be hanged next week? A good riddance, truly."

"Which is the man?" Isabel saked gaz. dance, truly."
"Which is the man?" Isabel asked, gaz-

"Which is the man?" Isabel asked, gazing around her more curiously, as she became accustomed to the scene.

"Madam, does it matter which is the man? I have already spoken to him. Believe me, you will have no trouble with him. He is ready and eager. Only, Madam, I entreat you; not a word of pity—if you please. It is your only chance. Remember that you must be free, that the fellow is a wretch of the deepest dye and that he has to be hanged on Monday.

"You will only meet him this once; just to go through the ceremony with him.

"You will only meet him this once; just to go through the ceremony with him. Then we shall come away. The parson will give you the marriage certificate, which you must keep carefully because you may possibly want it. Don't trouble about anything else. For the rest I charge myself. I will go to Ludgate Hill and inform the draper that the debt is transferred to one Adolphus Truxo, now in Newgate; you need but to change your lodging for a while, as I said before, to prevent a visit from the unfortunate man.

"As for me, you must pay me the whole of your debt to me; and I shall ask nothing more of you—save the continuance of which I shall have the right

way of London Bridge and presently down Cheapeide and Fleet street till it came to Newgate.

Well she said, when at length the coach stopped before the heavy portals of the fail, "there is one more chance for villaint with the hanged in a week. It is a come down, to marry a broken lawyer of the town will be hanged in a week. It is a come down, to marry a broken lawyer of the would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. And he would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. And he would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. And he would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been dead so soon! And own to be talked about. The would have been to be talked about. The would be the transfer the but the talk the talk the course, was talked the course the talk the talk the course the talk the talk the course the talk the talk the talk the course the t

Poor young thief! Poor young footpad! Why, the fellow has got credit for 35 guineas without any means of paying, and now the unfortunate tradesman must suffer. And you say poor young gentleman!"

"You will acknowledge that putting him into prison does not increase his power of paying it. Would it not be better to let him out and to trust to his honor to earn the money and pay as soon as he can?"

"Madain, the man who does not pay his bills ought to be locked up for life. It is the least and fairest punishment due to such a crime; why—it is not half enough ——he ought to be whipped once a week at the cart's tall; he ought to be sent to the plantations; he ought to be hanged—every week we hang poor wretches not half so bad as this man who will not pay his debts!

"No punishment is bad enough for such an one"—all the shopkeeper appeared in her angry words, in her flaming face, in her how words, in her flaming face, in her angry words, in her flaming face, in her how words, in her flaming face, in her how words, in her flaming face, in her of the place. Indeed, it seemed to love—is to be contracted at once between—the standard friends will be there."

The understand the Alderman, index of the other day.

It will be understood that strict truth was not one of the virtues of his cert and on which she came.

"We are tolerably full just now," he skid. "Ninety we tried the other day.

"The tour hard to trust to his honor to earn the money and pay as soon as he can?"

"The day is the land have a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady—is in the lace. "But when a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady—a lady

Council may go hang. Such, madam, is my respect—my devotion to the sex."

"We shall not keep you many minutes, sir, in this stinking place."

"The fee," croaked the clerk in a grating voice, "is one guinea, paid beforehand."

"I understand," the parson continued, "that a hasty marriage—a marriage of love—is to be contracted at once between—this lady?"

"The certificate is five shillings extra"

—from the servant.

"The certificate is "The certificate is "This is the lady. We will proceed at once" said Mrs. Brymer.
"The clerk's fee is half a crown," added "The clerk's fee is half a crown," added the servant.

"Sir, if you will come with me, we will use one of the cells. I will at once bring you the—the bridegroom."

"Faugh! How the place stinks! I doubt we shall all get jail fever. Come, madam, let us dispatch. Which of these gallant but unfortunate gentlemen is the happy—the fortunate—the thrice fortunate swain?"

SOME TAR-HEEL FREAKS. Discoveries in North Carolina of John

Gilbert, the Travelling Man. "I wish I'd had a commission from s dime museum to buy up freaks for it on a recent trip of mine through North Carolina," said John Gilbert, the travelling man. "I could have fitted out a show that would have had an aggregation of stars that nothing less than a twenty-sheet

bill board could done justice to. "For instance, take poultry. I ran into belt of country down there that seemed to exist only to permit poultry to do unwonted things.

"Thus at Winston I found groups of peo ple, black and white, intently discussing something, and I ventured to inquire what had happened.

" 'Why,' said some one, seemingly sur prised that I hadn't heard about it, Joe Waymer's hen is dead.' "I smiled.

" 'I can't see why there should be so much feeling over the death of a hen,

said I.

"'Tain't so much 'kaze she's dead,'
was the reply. 'Pears like it might be a
right smart more of a wonder of she was living. That hen, suh, was born twenty-one years ago, out of the same aig that hatched a brother to her, and them toe chickens growed up together, suh, and bean unseparable companions all their lives.

"'But that ain't the funny part of it not by a heap, suh. That hen she done do all the crowing, and the rooster he done the cackling and singing when she laid

an aig!

"'And the hen she didn't die, either.

A sneakin' weasel killed her. They was the oldest chickens in the State, suh, and ef you want to bet that the rooster will live a week, suh, now that the hen is dead, you kin he commodated right here, suh you kin be 'commodated right here, suh. And the rooster he is jes' as healthy and pert as he ever was. But he can't get along without that hen, suh! along without that hen, suh!"
"I didn't bet, but I went on to Morgantown and found that they had a goose there that barked like a puppy dog instead of cackling and they told about a duck that had two legs and two wings, which, of course, wasn't anything strange, but one wing was where one leg should

JOHN AND THE GHOSTS.

By A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q."). Copyright, 1901, by A. T. Quiller-Couch. In the kingdom of Illyria there lived,

not long ago, a poor woodcutter, with three sons, who in time went forth to seek their fortunes. At the end of three years they returned by agreement to compare their progress in the world. The eldest had become a lawyer and the

second a merchant, and each of these had won riches and friends, but John, the youngest, who had enlisted in the army, could only show a cork leg and a medal.

"You have made a bad business of it," said his brothers. "Your medal is worthless, except to a collector of such things, and your leg is a positive disadvantage.

Fortunately, we have influence, and since

you are our brother we must see what we can do for you." Now, the King of Illyria lived at that time in his capital, in a brick palace at the end of the great park. He kept his park open to all, and allowed no one to build in it. But the richest citizens, who were so fond of their ruler that they could not live out of his sight, had their houses just beyond the park, in the rear of the palace, on a piece of ground which they

called Palace Gardens. The name was a little micleading, for the true gardens lay in front of the palace,

ghosts?"
"We are unhallowed souls," answered the dark man impressively, "who return to blight the living with the spectacle of our awful crimes."
"Meaning me?" asked John.
"Ay, sir; and to destroy you to-night if you contract not upon your soul to return with your bride and meet us here a twelvementh hence."

month hence."
"H'm," said John to himself, "they are three to one, and, after all, it's what I came for. I suppose," he added, aloud, "some form of document is usual in these cases?" The dark man drew out pen and parch-

The dark man drew out pen and parchment.

"Hold forth your hand," he commanded; and as John held it out, thinking he meant to shake it over the bargain, the fellow drove the pen into his wrist until the blood spurted. "Now sign!"

"Sign!" said the other villain.

"Sign!" said the lady.

"O, very well, miss; if you're in the swindle too, my mind is easier," said John, and signed his name with a flourish. "But a bargain is a bargain, and what security have I for your part in it."

"Our signatures," said the priest terribly, at the same moment pressing his branding iron into John's ankle.

A smell of burnt cork arose as John

iron into John's ankle.

A smell of burnt cork arose as John stooped and clapped his hand over the scorched stocking. When he looked up again his visitors had vanished; and a moment later the strange light, too, died

away.

But the coffin remained for evidence that he had not been dreaming. John lit a candle and examined it.

"Just the thing for me," he exclaimed finding it to be a mere shell of pine boards, loosely nailed together and painted black:

forward, "but I suppose you really are ghosts?"

"We are unhallowed souls," answered the dark man impressively, "who return to blight the living with the spectacle of our awful crimes."

"Meaning me?" asked John.

"Ay, sir; and to destroy you to-night if you contract not upon your soul to return to contract not upon your soul to return the lady has just handed you. And if the lady has just handed

well, it was; and John having counted it out behind the curtain, came forward and asked the pianist to play "God Save the King"; and so having bowed his guests to the door, took possession of the haunted house and lived in it many years with his bride, in high renown and prosperity.

LION PHRENOLOGY.

A Keeper Tells How to Judge the King of Beasts by His Bumps.

From the Philadelphia Times. Lion phrenology is the newest study and is being taken up by many of the keepers at the zoological gardens. During Mr. Mullen's long years as a keeper of the king of beasts at the Philadelphia Zoo he has had many opportunities to study the character-istics and habits of his charges, and he now claims that he can read their natures from the same way as scientists do the human

countenance.
"I don't know much about the science of phrenology by which they tell the talents and traits of a man," he remarked while discussing the subject, "but lion phrenology, as we term it, is easy after you have made a careful study of the beast for several years. I can now tell the nature of the animals put in my charge after an examination of their heads and a long look at their faces. The lion has a most expressive countenance and reveals in his face his character and

called Palace Gardens.

The name was a little micleading, for the true gardens lay in front of the palace, the true gardens lay in front of the palace the control of the palace the sight of them cheered his only daughter than the citizens clung to it, for it gave a pleasant, neighborly at its they are the palace the sight of them cheered his only daughter than the citizens clung to it, for it gave a pleasant, neighborly at its the mornarch of their roadway and showed what friending he may be the palace the control of the palace the palace that the control of the palace that the pal

See that the search is the sea